

performed at Chitor, and, entering victorious, one rejoices to think that Allah-ud-din found a silent and deserted city.

Twice since has Chitor been sacked, once by Barbar, and the last time by Akbar. And now it seems to stand proudly desolate on its hill-top, the beautiful towers of Victory and of Fame, as it were, guarding its ruins, those grand towers from which its denizens, secure in their strength, must so often have watched the invading hordes sweeping towards them from the far horizon over the vast plains of India.

E. HALL.

GLEANINGS FROM "ORIONID" BUDGET.

A student kept caterpillars of the small tortoise-shell butterfly (*Vanessa Uritæ*) on nettles and watched them change into chrysalides. "Their bodies changed and their heads dropped off and they lay still among the leaves for three weeks." Then first a V-shaped crack appeared in the back of the chrysalis, beginning in the middle of the body and branching up either side of the head. Then a funny little hairy creature with tiny creased wings struggled out and feebly tottered to the edge of the box. There he hung, and his wings grew and grew and he coiled and uncoiled his proboscis; after an hour or two he flew away into the garden, taking short flights first and then longer."

"There is a machine here (a cotton weaving shed) which might interest scouts; it ties 250 knots a minute, keeping the 'ends' of cotton exactly the same length and each strand separate, and, of course, never missing one."

B.'s pupil, aged $7\frac{1}{2}$, "has just completed a railway which stretches from one end of the garden to the other. It consists of station, platform, ticket office, six signals, all painted and worked by levers from the enormous box (the box was the only part not made by the boy himself), etc. The trains run as on our little line here."

STUDENTS' MEETINGS.

At the Students' Meeting on December 3rd at 13, Chilworth Street, Misses Owen (1904), Oliver (1906), and Davis (1906), with Misses Evans and Faunce (1899) for a short time, were the sole attendants. Among the subjects discussed was that of teaching boys to write quickly, so that on going to school they do not degenerate to scrawling.

One book recommended for writing was "Writing, Illuminating, and Lettering," by Edward Johnston (John Hogg). Miss Owen also strongly recommended "Fungi, and how to know them," by E. W. Swanton (Methuen), which she said was delightful.

It would be interesting to hear other students' experience of French narration. One student present said that a boy of barely 10 would listen to a fairy story read from Guerber's "Contes et Légendes" and then narrate it quite fluently, and thoroughly enjoy doing it.

It was hoped that there would be a meeting during the Christmas holidays so that students then in town would be able to attend.

BOOK LIST.

FOR CLASS III.

"In Lotus Land—Japan," "Clear Round." (Out of print, but probably there are second-hand P.N.E.U. copies of this most delightful book.)

"The True Story Book." Andrew Lang. (A very good account of Prince Charlie's wanderings.)

"The Four Georges." Thackeray.

GENERAL.

"The Rhone Country." Rose Kingsley. (Invaluable to everyone travelling to the Riviera by P.L.M.)

"Chatham—the Early Years." Lord Rosebery.

CLASS II.

History (for teacher).—Historical Biographies: "Edward the Black Prince."

Story Books.—"Under the Flag of France" (Bertrand du Guesclin). By David Ker. (Told through the Ages Series Stories from Chaucer.)

Scale How Library has received a beautiful gift this term—given in memory of a late student—two magnificent volumes of the Old Testament, illustrated by J. J. Tissot. The illustrations number 396, some in colour, some in black and white. These and a series of New Testament pictures were the life-work of this famous painter. Each scene is studied from the actual life of Palestine, where he stayed for many years; each detail of dress, ornament, or accessory is historically accurate. But beyond these technical details, each picture is a meditation suggestive and inspiring, breathing the very spirit and thought of the man who gave his life and talent to this work. Only those portions of the Old Testament are printed which the pictures illustrate. These, of course, include all the best known incidents and stories. Beyond doubt these unique books will prove a source of inspiration to all succeeding students at Scale How.

Bible Teaching.

"The Land and the Book." W. L. Thomson.

Fairy Tales.

"Peter Pan." J. Barrie.

"The Gateway to Tennyson." Mrs. Andrew Lang.

"Alice in Wonderland."

"Celtic Tales."

History.

"Pioneers of our Faith." Charles Platts.

"Men of Mark." Richard Wilson.

"Kings and Queens of France." Mildred Carnegie.

Education.

"The Art of Living." F. W. Foester.

Art.

"Rex Regum." Sir Wyke Bayliss.

"Greenwich Museum." Edward Fraser.

"Natural History Museum." W. P. Pycroft.

Travel.

"Things seen in China." J. R. Chitty.

"Things seen in Japan." G. Hartley.

Nature Lore.

"Wild Beasts of the World." Frank Finn.

"Stars shown to the Children." Louey Chisholm.

Biography.

"Fighting Admirals." J. Barnet.

"Brotherhood of Heroes." Stephen Gwyn.

English Language.

"Poetry of Empire." John Lang.

"Causeries de Lundi" (vol. i. and ii.). Trechman.

A GAMES EVENING AT SCALE HOW.

For some time past we have been wondering how we could get together a good list of games suitable to play with our children when we are in "posts." When, last term, Miss Mason suggested that we should get the names of as many as possible, we thought it best to have a "Games Evening" instead of a debate or poetry evening. So a list was put up, to which each student contributed the name of one game, or even more. From this list a few games were chosen which we played during the evening. The first of these was "Buckets and Balls."

Any number, provided it is an even number, can play; the more the merrier! Two rows of chairs are placed facing each other, the number corresponding to that of the players. At each end, closing in the oblong of chairs, one chair is placed to act as a bucket. The players fill up the chairs, leaving the "buckets" empty, every alternate person shaping her hands as a bucket and resting them on her lap.

The game begins by the two players at one end picking up three balls, one at a time, from the vacant chair and placing them in their neighbour's "bucket." The person at the other side of the "bucket" picks them out and passes them on. When the balls have been put one at a time on the chair at the other end they are passed back in the same way to the starting point. The side which gets all three balls in first wins.

After each game everyone should change her place, so as to get a different duty in the game.

Another game we had was "Drill." The fun is spoilt if anyone knows this game except the organiser. The latter calls in several people, makes them stand in a line with her, close together, and after having given a few exercises, knocks over her next-door neighbour, who knocks her neighbour until the whole line is in a heap on the floor!

The next game was "Kick the cushion." For this a cushion is placed standing up in the middle of the room, the players stand round in a circle and aim at making other people knock the cushion over, all the time trying to avoid it herself. As the players knock it over they drop out.

"Jack above Ground" is very exciting. One person is "It," and is at liberty to catch anyone who is on the ground. All kinds of furniture are monopolised, such as chairs, cupboards, and tables! Of course the fun begins as soon as anyone gets down from her perch and tries to change her abode!

We ended up with "Musical Bumps," which, of course, everyone knows. These are but very few examples, but I, and I am sure many of us, feel that a few suggestions sent out from time to time in the *Plant* would help towards furnishing us all with a good long list of games.

D. J. B.

LEATHER WORK ADDRESS.

Miss Ellen Sparks, of Tite Street, has retired, and recommends Miss Randle, who supplies tools, leathers, stains, designs, stuffing, etc., and also gives lessons. Her fees for lessons are:—twelve of one hour, £2 12s.; six of one hour, £1 10s.; and single lessons, 6s. 6d. She also makes up leather goods and teaches how to make them up. Her full address is:—MISS RANDLE,

48, Redcliffe Road,
South Kensington, S.W.

LETTER FROM ARGENTINA.

SAN PEDRO DE JUJUY,
F.C.C.N., ARGENTINA.

May 3rd, 1910.

DEAR EDITOR,

We have moved from San Lorenzo to San Pedro, and I think I shall like the life very much. There are so many things of interest. The sugar plantation extends for miles, and during crop time—the end of this month—about 5,000 workmen are employed. These live with their families on the estate, and form the two villages of Esperanza (where the factory is, three miles from us) and San Pedro. Every year about 2,000 Indians come from Bolivia and the Chaco, the wildest part of Argentina, to cut the cane. They are just arriving, and last Sunday about sixty surrounded the house to let Mr. L. know they had come, and also hoping to receive presents (old trousers, waistcoats, etc.). They were very tall, well-made, large-featured people, with very scanty clothing; some of them only a cloth round the waist; and the children, such comical-shaped little creatures, absolutely nude. The women are the beasts of burden, and they have their children tied on their hips and loads on their backs, and the men stalk on in front, one behind another. They walk like this for hundreds of miles. There are many tribes. One, the Mataka, paint their faces a bright scarlet, and another wear huge studs through the under lip; another tribe worships the moon, and on a bright moonlight night they make the weirdest sounds. On Sunday, which is a holiday, they indulge in a tribal fight, and think nothing of killing each other. Mr. W. L. has great influence amongst them and keeps them in order, as they look up to him as a sort of chief. A piece of land is set apart for them, and there they make huts of the branches of trees. San Pedro House is an old Spanish residence of two storeys (very unusual in this country), and all the bedrooms open out on to an upper verandah or corridor, as they call it. There is a very large Quinta (orchard) of oranges and lemons, with banana walks all round. The ordinary oranges are not ripe yet, but we have beautiful tangarines. Several young English employees live in the house, and they help to keep us lively, and we spend very pleasant evenings after dinner—either music, as one is very musical, or cards, but I am rather nervous of Bridge, as of course they all play very well.

I have put San Pedro at the top of this letter, but I am really writing from Salta, where I am staying in lodgings for a week under the dentist's care. Before we left San Lorenzo we had incessant rain for two months, and as the houses are built neither for rain nor cold weather, the tiles got saturated and the rain dripped through in every room. For nights we had to sleep under mackintoshes and umbrellas, and the consequence was I caught cold and suffered agony in my face, and it all swelled up like a pudding. I was very thankful when Miss L. decided to return to San Pedro. When the swelling went down I came to Salta, seventy miles, to consult the dentist, and he said he could not treat me in less than a week, so here I am in a boarding-house. I know extremely little Spanish, and should fare badly if it were not for another English lady who boards here and gives lessons in the town. Also I have an introduction to a German family, who speak English, and they are very kind; I go to tea with them every afternoon. I really am enjoying my stay here very much. It is so nice to be entirely free, and Salta is really a very nice town, with electric light, wood-paved streets, and several motor-cars. It is surrounded by beautiful mountains, and one Sunday my friends and I hired a coach and had a joint picnic in a lovely spot amongst the mountains. I feel quite sorry to say "Good-bye!" for this is my last day. I do hope I shall not be a case of "out of sight, out of mind," and of course I am dreadfully interested in all Budget news.

May 8th.—The English mail goes on Monday, so I have left posting this till I returned to San Pedro. I came back on Wednesday. I have now settled down to work and the usual routine. Sunday is a holiday, and this morning we had a jolly picnic. We all rode to the place, and then with the help of two boys we made a big fire and boiled caldo (a native soup, without which they would never think of beginning a meal), and then on the embers roasted the azado (a native dish of beef pierced by a stick). When it is cooked the stick is stuck up in the earth, and everyone cuts off as much meat as he wants. Afterwards we all lay down on rugs in the shade and had a siesta, and then we went to the polo field and watched the gentlemen play.

It is a queer way to spend Sunday, but there is no English Church, and the clergyman only comes once in six weeks.

E. TILLMAN.